Godes pitie here comes her father.

Enter M. Page his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.

Pa. M. *Fenton* I pray what make you here?
You know my anſwere ſir, ſhees not for you:
Knowing my vow, to blame to vſe me thus,

Fen. But heare me ſpeake ſir.

Pa. Pray ſir get you gon: Come hither daughter,
Sonne *Slender* let me ſpeak with you. *(they whiſper.*

Quic. Speake to Miſteris *Page.*

Fen. Pray miſteris *Page* let me haue your cõſent.

Miſ. Pa. Ifaith M. *Fentõ* tis as my husband pleaſe.
For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further

Quic. How ſay you this was my doings? (you.
I bid you ſpeake to miſteris *Page.*

Fen. Here nurſe, theres a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canſt for me, farwell. *(Exit Fen.*

Quic. By my troth ſo I will, good hart. *(Slẽder*

Pa. Come wife, you an *I* will in, weele leaue M.
And my daughter to talke together. M. *Shallow*,
You may ſtay ſir if you pleaſe.

Exit Page and his wife.

Shal. Mary *I* thanke you for that:
To her couſin, to her.

Slen. Ifaith *I* know not what to ſay.

An. Now M. *Slender*, whats your will? *(An.*

Slen. Godeſo theres a *I*eſt indeed: why miſteris
I neuer made wil yet: *I* thãk God I am wiſe inough

Shal. Fie cuſſe fie, thou art not right, *(*for that.
O thou hadſt a father.

Slen. I had a father miſteris *Anne*, good vncle
Tell the Ieſt how my father ſtole the gooſe out of
The henloft. All this is nought, harke you miſtreſſe
Anne. *Shal.*